A SECOND

Fiery Flying Roule:

TO

All the Inhabitants of the earth; ſpecially to the rich ones.

OR,

A ſharp ſickle, thruſt in, to gather the cluſters of the vines of the earth, becauſe her grapes are *(now)* fully ripe. And the great, notable, terrible, (yet glorious and joyfull) day of the LORD is come; even the Day of the Lords Recovery and Diſcovery. Wherein the ſecrets of all hearts are ripped up; and the ſecret villanies of the holy Whore, the well-favoured Harlot (who ſcornes carnall Ordinances, and is mounted up into the notion of Spiritualls) is diſcovered: And even her fleſh burning with unquenchable fire. And the pride of all glory ſtaining.

Together with a narration of various, ſtrange, yet true ſtories: And ſeverall ſecret myſteries, and myſterious ſecrets, which never were afore written or printed.

As alſo, That moſt ſtrange Appearance of eternall Wiſdome, and unlimited Almightineſſe, in chooſing baſe things: And why, and how he chooſeth them. And how *(moſt miraculouſly)* they (even baſe things) have been, are, and ſhall be made fiery Chariots, to mount up ſome into divine glory, and unſpotted beauty and majeſty. And the glory that ariſeth up from under them is confounding both Heaven and Earth. With a word (by way of preface) dropping in as an in-let to the new Hieruſalem.

Theſe being ſome things of what are experimented.

Per AUXILIUM PATRIS כח

Howle, rich men, for the miſeries that are (juſt now) coming upon you, the ruſt of your ſilver is riſing up in judgment againſt you, burning your fleſh like fire, &c.

And now I am come to recover my corn, my wooll, and my flax, which thou haſt (theeviſhly and hoggiſhly) detained from me, the Lord God Almighty, in the poore and needy.

Alſo howle thou holy Whore, thou well-favour'd Harlot: for God, and I, have choſen baſe things to confound thee, and things that are.

And the ſecrets of all hearts are now revealing by my Goſpell, who am a ſtranger, and beſides my ſelfe, to God, for your ſakes. Wherefore receive me, &c. els expect that diſmall doom, Depart from me ye curſed, I was a ſtranger, and ye took me not in.

Printed in the Yeer 1649.

A SECOND

Chap. I.

The Authors Commiſſion to write, a terrible wo denounced againſt thoſe that ſlight the Roule. The Lords claime to all things; together with a hint of a two-fold recovery, wherethrough the moſt hypocriticall heart ſhall be ript up.

1. THe Word of the Lord came expreſſely to me, ſaying, write, write, write.

2. And One ſtood by me, and pronounced all theſe words to me with his mouth, and I wrote them with ink in this paper.

3. Wherefore in the Name and Power of the eternall God, I charge thee burn it not, tear it not, for if thou doſt, I will tear thee to peices (ſaith the Lord) and none ſhall be able to deliver thee; for (as I live) it is the day of my vengeance.

4. Read it through, and laugh not at it; if thou doſt I'l deſtroy thee, and laugh at thy deſtruction.

5. Thus ſaith the Lord, though I have been a great while in coming, yet I am now come to recover my corn, and my wool, and my flax, &c. and to diſcover thy lewdneſſe, *Hoſ.* 2.

Thou art curſed with a curſe, for thou haſt robbed me (ſaith the Lord) of my corn, my wool, my flax, &c. Thou haſt robbed me of my Tythes, for the Tythes are mine, *Mal.* 3. And the beaſts on a thouſand hills, yea all thy baggs of money, hayricks, horſes, yea all that thou calleſt thine own are mine.

6. And now I am come to recover them all at thy hands, ſaith the Lord, for it is the day of my recovery, and the day of my diſcovery, &c. And there is a two-fold recovery of two ſorts of things, inward, and outward, or civil, and religious, and through both, a grand diſcovery of the ſecrets of the moſt hypocriticall heart, and a ripping up of the bowels of the welfavoured Harlot, the holy Whore, who ſcorns that which is called prophaneſſe, wickedneſſe, looſeneſſe, or libertiniſme, and yet her ſelf is the mother of witchcrafts, and of all the abominations of the earth.

But more of this hereafter.

7. For the preſent, I ſay, Thus ſaith the Lord, I am come to recover all my outward, or civill rights, or goods, which thou calleſt thine own.

Chap. II.

How the Lord will recover his outward things [things of this life] as Money, Corn, &c. and for whom, and how they ſhall be plagued who detaine them as their owne. Wherein alſo are ſome myſticall hints concerning Michaelmaſſe day, and the Lords day following it this year, as alſo of the Dominicall letter D. this year.

1. AAnd the way that I will walk in (in this great notable and terrible day of the Lord) ſhall be thus. I will either (ſtrangely,& terribly,to thy torment) inwardly, or els (in a way that I will not acquaint thee with) outwardly, demand all mine, and will ſay on this wiſe.

2. Thou haſt many baggs of money, and behold now I come as a thief in the night, with my ſword drawn in my hand, and like a thief as I am,---- I ſay deliver your purſe, deliver ſirrah! deliver or I'l cut thy throat!

3. Deliver MY money to ſuch as* poor deſpiſed *Maul* of Dedington in Oxonſhire, whom ſome devills incarnate (inſolently and proudly, in way of diſdaine) cry up for a fool, ſome for a knave, and mad-man, ſome for an idle fellow, and baſe rogue, and ſome (true lier then they are aware of) cry up for a Prophet, and ſome arrant fools (though exceeding wiſe) cry up for more knave then foole, &c. when as indeed, ther's pure royall blood runs through his veins, and he's no leſſe then a Kings Son, though not one of you who are devills incarnate; & have your eyes blinded with the God of this world, know it.

* *For ſome ſpeciall reaſon this poor wretch is here inſtanced.*

4. I ſay (once more) deliver, deliver, my money which thou haſt to him, and to poor creeples, lazars, yea to rogues, thieves, whores, and cut-purſes, who are fleſh of thy fleſh, and every whit as good as thy ſelf in mine eye, who are ready to ſtarve in plaguy Goals, and naſty dungeons, or els by my ſelfe, ſaith the Lord, I will torment thee day and night, inwardly, or outwardly, or both waies, my little finger ſhall ſhortly be heavi-

er on thee, especially on thee thou holy, righteous, religious *Appropriator*, then my loynes were on *Pharoah* and the Egyptians in time of old; you shall weep and howl for the miseries that are suddenly coming upon you; for your riches are corrupted, &c. and whilst impropriated, appropriated the plague of God is in them.

5. The plague of God is in your purses, barns, houses, horses, murrain will take your hogs, O (ye fat swine of the earth) who shall shortly go to the knife, and be hung up i'th roof, except ---- blasting, mill-dew, locusts, caterpillars, yea fire your houses and goods, take your corn and fruit, the moth your garments, and the rot your sheep, did you not see my hand, this last year, stretched out?

You did not see.

My hand is sttetched out still.

Your gold and silver, though you can't see it, is cankered, the rust of them is a witnesse against you, and suddainly, suddainly, suddainly, because by the eternall God, my self, its the dreadful day of Judgement, saith the Lord, shall eat your flesh as it were fire, *Jam.* 5. 1. to 7.

The rust of your silver, I say, shall eat your flesh as it were fire.

6. As sure as it did mine the very next day after *Michael* the Arch-Angel's, that mighty Angel, who just now fights that terrible battell in heaven with the great Dragon.

And is come upon the earth also, to rip up the hearts of all bag-bearing Judases. On this day purses shall be cut, guts let out, men stabb'd to the heart, womens bellies ript up, specially gammer Demases, who have forsaken us, and imbraced this wicked world, and married *Alexander* the Coppersmith, who hath done me much evill. The Lord reward him, I wish him hugely well, as he did me, on the next day after *Michael* the Arch-Angel.

Which was the Lords day I am sure on't, look in your Almanacks, you shall find it was the Lords day, or els I would you could; when you must, when you see it, you will find the Dominicall letter to be G. and there are many words that begin with G. at this time [GIVE] begins with G. give, give, give, give up, give up your houses, horses, goods, gold, Lands,

give

give up, account nothing your own, have ALL THINGS common, or els the plague of God will rot and consume all that you have.

By God, by my self, saith the Lord, its true.

Come! give all to the poore and follow me, and you shall have treasure in heaven. Follow me, who was numbred among transgressors, and whose visage was more marr'd then any mans, follow me.

CHAP. III.

A strange, yet most true story: under which is couched that Lion, whose roaring shall make all the beasts of the field tremble, and all the Kingdoms of the earth quake. Wherein also (in part) the subtilty of the wel-favoured Harlot is discovered, and her flesh burning with that fire, which shall burne down all Churches, except that of the first Born, &c.

1. FOllow me, who, last Lords day Septem. 30. 1649. met him in open field, a most strange deformed man, clad with patcht clouts: who looking wishly on me, mine eye pittied him; and my heart, or the day of the Lord, which burned as an oven in me, set my tongue on flame to speak to him, as followeth.

2. How now friend, art thou poore?

He answered, yea Master very poore.

Whereupon my bowels trembled within me, and quivering fell upon the worm-eaten chest, [my corps I mean] that I could not hold a joynt still.

And my great love within me, (who is the great God within that chest, or corps) was burning hot toward him; and made the lock-hole of the chest, to wit, the mouth of the corps, again to open: Thus.

Art poor?

Yea, very poor, said he.

Whereupon the strange woman who, flattereth with her lips, and is subtill of heart, said within me,

It's a poor wretch, give him two-pence.

But

But my EXCELLENCY and MAIESTY (in me) ſcorn'd her words, confounded her language; and kickt her out of his preſence.

3. But immediately the WEL-FAVOURED HARLOT [whom I carried not upon my horſe behind me] but who roſe up in me, ſaid:

, Its a poor wretch give him 6. d. and that's enough for a , Squire or Knight, to give to one poor body.

, Beſides [ſaith the holy Scripturian Whore] hee's worſe , then an Infidell that provides not for his own Family.

, True love begins at home, &c.

, Thou, and thy Family are fed, as the young ravens ſtrangely, , though thou haſt been a conſtant Preacher, yet thou haſt abhorred both tythes and hire; and thou knoweſt not aforehand , who will give thee the worth of a penny.

, Have a care of the main chance.

4. And thus ſhe flattereth with her lips, and her words being ſmoother then oile; and her lips dropping as the honey comb, I was fired to haſten my hand into my pocket; and pulling out a ſhilling, ſaid to the poor wretch, give me ſix penee, heer's a ſhilling for thee.

He anſwered, I cannot, I have never a penny.

Whereupon I ſaid, I would fain have given thee ſomething if thou couldſt have changed my money.

Then ſaith he, God bleſſe you.

Whereupon with much reluctancy, with much love, and with amazement [of the right ſtamp] I turned my horſe head from him, riding away. But a while after I was turned back [being adviſed by my Demilance] to wiſh him cal for ſix pence, which I would leave at the next Town at ones houſe, which I thought he might know [*Saphira* like] keeping back part.

But [as God judged me] I, as ſhe, was ſtruck down dead. And behold the plague of God fell into my pocket; and the ruſt of my ſilver roſe up in judgement againſt me, and conſumed my fleſh as with fire: ſo that I, and my money periſht with me Ibeing caſt into that lake of fire and brimſtone.

And all the money I had about me to a penny [though I thought through the inſtigation of my *quondam Miſtris* to have reſerved ſome, having rode about 8. miles, not eating one mouth-

one mouth-full of bread that day, and had drunk but one ſmall draught of drink; and had between 8. or 9. miles more to ride, ere I came to my journeys end: my horſe being lame, the waies dirty, it raining all the way, and I not knowing what extraordinary occaſion I might have for money.] Yet [I ſay] the ruſt of my ſilver did ſo riſe up in judgement againſt me, and burnt my fleſh like fire: and the 5. of *James* thundered ſuch an alarm in mine ears, that I was fain to caſt all I had into the hands of him, whoſe viſage was more marr'd then any mans that ever I ſaw.

This is a true ſtory, moſt true in the hiſtory.

Its true alſo in the myſtery.

And there are deep ones coucht under it, for its a ſhadow of various, glorious, [though ſtrange] good things to come.

7. Wel! to return ---- after I had thrown my ruſty canker'd money into the poor wretches hands, I rode away from him, being filled with trembling, joy, and amazement, feeling the ſparkles of a great glory ariſing up from under theſe aſhes.

After this, I was made [by that divine power which dwelleth in this Ark, or cheſt] to turn my horſe head ---- whereupon I beheld this poor deformed wretch, looking earneſtly after me: and upon that, was made to put off my hat, and bow to him ſeven times, and was [at that ſtrange poſture] filled with trembling and amazement, ſome ſparkles of glory ariſing up alſo from under this; as alſo from under theſe aſhes, yet I rode back once more to the poor wretch, ſaying, becauſe I am a King, I have done this, but you need not tell any one.

The day's our own.

This was done on the laſt LORDS DAY, Septem. 30. in the year 1649. which is the year of the Lords recompences for *Zion*, and the day of his vengeance, the dreadfull day of Judgement. But I have done [for the preſent] with this ſtory, for it is the later end of the year 1649.

Chap. IV.

How the Author hath been ſet as a ſigne and a wonder, as well as moſt of the Prophets formerly. As alſo what ſtrange poſtures the divine Majeſty that dwells in his forme, hath ſet the forme in, with the moſt ſtrange and various effects thereof upon the Spectators. Alſo his Communion with the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, and with God the Judge of all, hinted at.

1. IT is written in your Bibles, Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me, are for ſigns and for wonders in Iſrael, from the Lord of Hoaſts, which dwelleth in Mount Sion, *Iſa.* 8. 18.

And amongſt thoſe who were ſet thus, *Ezekiel* ſeems to be higher then the reſt by the ſhoulders upwards, and was more ſeraphicall then his Predeceſſors, yet he was the ſon of *Buzi* (*Ezek.* 1.) which being interpreted is the ſon of contempt; it pleaſes me [right well] that I am his brother, a ſonne of *Buzi*.

2. He ſaw [and I in him ſee] various ſtrange viſions; and he was, and I am ſet in ſeverall ſtrange poſtures.

Amongſt many of his pranks----- this was one, he ſhaves all the hair off his head: and off his beard, then weighs them in a pair of ſcales; burns one part of them in the fire, another part thereof hee ſmites about with a knife, another part he ſcatters in the wind, and a few he binds up in his skirts, &c. and this not in a corner, or in a chamber, but in the midſt of the ſtreets of the great City Hieruſalem, and the man all this while neither mad nor drunke, &c. *Ezek.* 5. 1. 2. 3, 4. &c. as alſo in ſeverall other Chapt. amongſt the reſt, Chap. 12. 3. &c. Chap. 4. 3. Chap. 24. 3. to the end. This *Ezekiel* [to whoſe ſpirit I am come, and to an innumerable company of Angels, and to God the Judge of all.]

3. [I ſay] this great Courtier, in the high Court of the higheſt heavens, is the ſon of *Buzi*, a child of contempt on earth, and ſet as a ſign and wonder (as was *Hoſea*, who went in to a whore, &c.) *Hoſ.* 2. when he (I ſay) was playing ſome of his pranks, the people ſaid to him, wilt thou not tell us what theſe things

 are

are to us, that thou doſt ſo, *Ezek.* 24. 19. with the 3. verſe and ſo forwards, when he was ſtrangely acted by that omnipotency dwelling in him; and by that eternall, immortall, INVISIBLE (indeed) Majeſty, the onely wiſe God, who dwells in this viſible forme, the writer of this Roule, [who to his joy] is numbred amongſt tranſgreſſors.

4. The ſame moſt excellent Majeſty (in this forme) hath ſet the Forme in many ſtrange Poſtures lately, to the joy and refreſhment of ſome, both acquaintances and ſtrangers, to the wonderment and amazement of others, to the terrour and affrightment of others; and to the great torment of the chiefeſt of the Sects of Profeſſours; who have gone about to ſhake off their plagues if they could, ſome by crying out he's mad, he's drunk, he's faln from grace, and ſome by ſcandaliſing, &c. and onely one, whom I was told of, by threats of caneing or cudgelling, who meeting me full with face, was aſhamed and afraid to look on me, &c.

5. But to wave all this.

Becauſe the Sun begins to peep out, and its a good while paſt day-break', I'l creep forth (a little) into the myſtery of the former hiſtory, and into the in-ſide of that ſtrange out-ſide buſineſſe.

CHAP.

Chap. V.

The Authors ſtrange and lofty carriage towards great ones, and his moſt lowly carriage towards Beggars, Rogues, and Gypſeys: together with a large declaration what glory ſhall riſe up from under all this aſhes. The moſt ſtrange, ſecret, terrible, yet moſt glorious deſign of God, in chooſing baſe things to confound things that are. And how. A moſt terrible vial powred out upon the well-favour'd Harlot, and how the Lord is bringing into contempt not only honorable perſons, with a vengeance, but all honorable, holy things alſo. Wholſome advice, with a terrible threat to the Formaliſts. How baſe things have confounded baſe things; and how baſe things have been a fiery Chariot to mount the Author up into divine glory, &c. And how his wife is, and his life is in, that beauty which makes all viſible beauty ſeem meer deformity.

1. And becauſe I am found of thoſe that ſought me not. And becauſe ſome ſay, wilt thou not tell us what theſe things are to us, that thou doſt ſo?

Wherefore waving my charging ſo many Coaches, ſo many hundreds of men and women of the greater rank, in the open ſtreets, with my hand ſtretched out, my hat cock't up, ſtaring on them as if I would look thorough them, gnaſhing with my teeth at ſome of them, and day and night with a huge loud voice proclaiming the day of the Lord throughout London and Southwark, and leaving divers other exploits, &c. It is my good will and pleaſure [only] to ſingle out the former ſtory with its Parallels.

2. [*Viz.*] in clipping, hugging, imbracing, kiſſing a poore deformed wretch in London, who had no more noſe on his face, then I have on the back of my hand, [but only two little holes in the place where the noſe uſes to ſtand.]

And no more eyes to be ſeen then on the back of my hand, and afterwards running back to him in a ſtrange manner, with

my money giving it to him, to the joy of ſome, to the afright-ment and wonderment of other Spectators.

3. As alſo in falling down flat upon the ground before rogues, beggars, cripples, halt, maimed, blind, *&c.* kiſſing the feet of many, riſing up againe, and giving them money, *&c.* Beſides that notorious buſineſſe with the Gypſeys and Goal-birds (mine own brethren and ſiſters, fleſh of my fleſh, and as good as the greateſt Lord in England) at the priſon in South-wark neer S. *Georges* Church.

Now that which riſes up from under all this heap of aſhes, will fire both heaven and earth; the one's aſhamed, and bluſhes already, the other reels to and fro, like a drunken man.

4. Wherefore thus ſaith the Lord, Hear O heavens, and hearken O earth, Ile overturne, overturne, overturne, I am now ſtaining the pride of all glory, and bringing into contempt all the honourable of the earth, *Eſa.* 23. 9. not only honourable perſons, (who ſhall come down with a vengeance, if they bow not to univerſall love the eternall God, whoſe ſervice is perfect freedome) but honorable things, as Elderſhips, Paſtorſhips, Fellowſhips, Churches, Ordinances, Prayers, &c. Holineſſes, Righteouſneſſes, Religions of all ſorts, of the higheſt ſtrains; yea, Myſterians, and Spiritualliſts, who ſcorne carnall Ordinances, &c.

I am about my act, my ſtrange act, my worke, my ſtrange work, that weoſoever hears of it, both his ears ſhall tingle.

5. I am confounding, plaguing, tormenting nice, demure, barren *Mical*, with *Davids* unſeemly carriage, by skipping, leaping, dancing, like one of the fools, vile, baſe fellowes, ſhameleſſely, baſely, and uncovered too, before hand-maids, ----

Which thing was *S. Pauls* Tutor, or elſe it prompted him to write, God hath choſen BASE things, and things that are deſpiſed, to confound-----the things are.----

Well! family duties are no baſe things, they are things that ARE: Churches, Ordinances, &c. are no BASE things, though indded Presbyterian Churches begun to live i'th womb, but died there, and rot and ſtink there to the death of the mother and child. Amen. Not by the Devill, but [by * God] it's true,

* That's a baſe thing.

Grace

Grace before meat and after meat, are no BASE things; these are things that ARE. But how long Lord, holy and true, &c.

Fasting for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickednesse,----(and not for taking off heavy burthens, breaking every yoke, *Esa.*58.) and Thanksgiving daies for killing of men for money, are no BASE things, these are things that ARE.

☞ Starting up into the notion of spirituals, scorning History, speaking nothing but Mystery, crying down carnall ordinances, &c. is a fine thing among many, it's no base thing (now adaies) though it be a cloak for covetousnesse, yea, though it be to maintain pride and pomp; these are no base things.

6. These are things that ARE, and must be confounded by BASE things, which *S. Paul* saith, not God hath connived at, winked at, permitted, tolerated, but God hath CHOSEN &c. BASE things.

What base things? Why *Mical* took *David* for a base fellow, and thought he had chosen BASE things, in dancing shamelesly uncovered before handmaids.

And barren, demure *Mical* thinks (for I know her heart saith the Lord) that I chose base things when I sate downe, and eat and drank around on the ground with Gypseys, and clip't, hug'd and kiss'd them, putting my hand in their bosomes, loving the she-Gipsies dearly. O base! saith mincing *Mical*, the least spark of modesty would be as red as crimson or scarlet, to hear this.

I warrant me, *Mical* could better have borne this if I had done it to Ladies: so I can for a need, if it be my will, and that in the height of honor and majesty, without sin. But at that time when I was hugging the Gipsies, I abhorred the thoughts of Ladies, their beauty could not bewitch mine eyes, or snare my lips, or intangle my hands in their bosomes; yet I can if it be my will, kisse and hug Ladies, and love my neighbours wife as my selfe, without sin.

7. But thou Precisian, by what name or title soever dignified, or distinguished, do but blow a kisse to thy neighbours wife, or dare to think of darting one glance of one of thine eyes towards her, if thou dar'st.

It's

It's meat and drink to an Angel [who knows none evill, no ſin] to ſweare a full mouth'd oath, *Rev.* 10. 6. It's joy to *Nehemiah* to come in like a mad-man, and pluck folkes hair off their heads, and curſe like a devill---and make them ſwear by God,--- *Nehem.* 13. Do thou O holy man [who knoweſt evill] lift up thy finger againſt a Jew, a Church-member, cal thy brother fool, and wiſh a peace-cods on him; or ſwear I faith, if thou dar'ſt, if thou doſt, thou ſhalt howl in hell for it, and I will laugh at thy calamity, &c.

8. But once more hear O heavens, hearken O earth, Thus ſaith the Lord, I have choſen ſuch baſe things, to confound things that are, that the ears of thoſe [who ſcorn to be below Independents, yea the ears of many who ſcorn to be ſo low as carnall Ordinances, &c.] that hear thereof ſhall tingle.

9. Hear one word more [whom it hitteth it hitteth] give over thy baſe naſty ſtinking, formall grace before meat, and after meat [I call it ſo, though thou haſt rebaptized it---] give over thy ſtinking family duties, and thy Goſpell Ordinances as thou calleſt them; for under them all there lies ſnapping, ſnarling, biting, beſides covetouſneſſe, horrid hypocriſie, envy, malice, evill ſurmiſing.

10. Give over, give over, or if nothing els will do it, I'l at a time, when thou leaſt of all thinkeſt of it, make thine own child the fruit of thy loines, in whom thy ſoul delighted, lie with a whore---before thine eyes: That that plaguy holineſſe and righteouſneſſe of thine might be confounded by that baſe thing. And thou be plagued back again into thy mothers womb, the womb of eternity: That thou maiſt become a little child, and let the mother *Eternity*, *Almightineſſe*, who is univerſall love, and whoſe ſervice is perfect freedome, dreſſe thee, and undreſſe thee, ſwadle, unſwadle, bind, looſe, lay thee down, take thee up, &c.

--- And to ſuch a little child, undreſſing is as good as dreſſing, foul cloaths, as good as fair cloaths--- he knows no evill, &c.--- And ſhall ſee evill no more,--- but he muſt firſt loſe all his righteouſneſſe, every bit of his holineſſe, and every crum of his Religion, and be plagued, and confounded [by baſe things] into nothing.

By baſe things which God and I have choſen.

11. And

11. And yet I ſhew you a more excellent way, when you have paſt this. --- In a word, my plaguy, filthy, naſty holineſſe hath been confounded by baſe things. And then [behold I ſhew you a myſtery, and put forth a riddle to you] by baſe things, baſe things ſo called have been confounded alſo; and thereby have I been confounded into eternall Majeſty, unſpeakable glory, my life, my ſelf.

12. Ther's my riddle, but becauſe neither all the Lords of the Philiſtins, no nor my Delilah her ſelf can read it,

I'l read it my ſelf, I'l [only] hint it thus.

Kiſſes are numbered amongſt tranſgreſſors --- baſe things--- well! by baſe helliſh ſwearing, and curſing, [as I have accounted it in the time of my fleſhly holineſſe] and by baſe impudent kiſſes [as I then accounted them] my plaguy holineſſe hath been confounded, and thrown into the lake of fire and brimſtone.

And then again, by wanton kiſſes, kiſſing hath been confounded; and externall kiſſes, have been made the fiery chariots, to mount me ſwiftly into the boſom of him whom my ſoul loves, [his excellent Majeſty, the King of glory.]

Where I have been, where I have been, where I have been, hug'd, imbrac't, and kiſt with the kiſſes of his mouth, whoſe loves are better then wine, and have been utterly overcome therewith, beyond expreſſion, beyond admiration.

13. Again, Luſt is numbered amongſt tranſgreſſors ---- a baſe thing.---

Now faire objects attract Spectators eyes.

And beanty is the father of luſt or love.

Well! I have gone along the ſtreets impregnant with that child[luſt] which a particular beauty had begot: but coming to the place, where I expected to have been delivered, I have providentially met there a company of devills in appearance, though Angels with golden vialls, in reality, powring out full vialls, of ſuch odious abominable words, that are not lawfull to be uttered.

Words enough to deafen the ears of plaguy holineſſe.

And ſuch horrid abominable actions, the ſight whereof were enough to put out holy mans eyes, and to ſtrike him ſtark dead, &c.

Theſe baſe things (I ſay) words and actions, have confounded and plagued to death, the child in the womb that I was ſo big of.

14. And by, and through theſe BASE things [as upon the wings of the wind] have I been carried up into the arms of my love, which is inviſible glory, eternall Majeſty, purity it ſelf, unſpotted beauty, even that beauty which maketh all other beauty but meer uglineſſe, when ſet againſt it, &c.

Yea, could you imagine that the quinteſſence of all viſible beauty, ſhould be extracted and made up into one huge beauty, it would appear to be meer deformity to that beauty, which through BASE things I have been lifted up into.

VVhich tranſcendent, unſpeakable, unſpotted beauty, is my crown and joy, my life and love: and though I have choſen, and cannot be without BASE things, to confound ſome in mercy, ſome in judgment, Though alſo I have concubines without number, which I cannot be without, yet this is my ſpouſe, my love, my dove, my fair one.

Now I proceed to that which followes.

CHAP. VI.

Great ones muſt bow to the pooreſt peaſants, or els they muſt rue for it.

No materiall ſword, or humane power whatſoever, but the pure ſpirit of univerſall Love, which is the eternall God, can break the neck of tyranny, oppreſſion, abominable pride, and cruell murder. A Catalogue of ſeverall judgements recited --- as ſo many warning-pieces to Appropriators, Impropriators, and anti-free-communicants, &c. The ſtrongeſt, yea pureſt propriety that may plead moſt priviledge ſhall ſuddainly be confounded.

1, AGain, thus ſaith the Lord, I in thee, who am eternall Majeſty, bowed down thy form, to deformity.

And I in thee, who am durable riches, commanded thy periſhable ſilver to the poore, &c.

Thus ſaith the Lord,

Kings,

Kings, Princes, Lords, great ones, must bow to the poorest Peasants; rich men must stoop to poor rogues, or else they'l rue for it.

This must be done two waies.

You shall have one short dark hint.

Wil. Sedgewick [in me] bowed to that poor deformed ragged wretch, that he might inrich him, in impoverishing himself.

He shall gaine him, and be no great loser himself, &c.

2. Well! we must all bow, and bow, &c. And MEUM must be converted.---It is but yet a very little while; and you shall not say that ought that you possesse is your own, &c. read *Act.* 2. towards the end, chap. 4. 31. to the end, with chap. 5. 1. 2. to the 12.

It's but yet a little while, and the strongest, yea, the seemingly purest propriety, which may mostly plead priviledge and Prerogative from Scripture, and carnall reason; shall be confounded and plagued into community and universality. And ther's a most glorious design in it: and equality, community, and universall love; shall be in request to the utter confounding of abominable pride, murther, hypocrisie, tyranny and oppression, &c. The necks whereof can never be chopt off, or these villaines ever hang'd up, or cut off by materiall sword, by humane might, power, or strength, but by the pure spirit of universall love, who is the God whom all the world [of Papists, Protestants, Presbyterians, Independents, Spirituall Notionists, &c.) ignorantly worship.

3. The time's coming, yea now is, that you shall not dare to say, your silver or gold is your owne.

It's the Lords.

You shall not say it is your own, least the rust thereof rise up in judgement against you, and burn your flesh as it were fire.

Neither shall you dare to say, your oxe, or your asse is your own.

It's the Lords.

And if the Lord have need of an asse he shall have him.

Or if two of his Disciples should come to unloose him, I wil not [for a 1000. worlds] call them theeves, least the asse should dut my braines out, my bread is not mine own, it's the Lords.

* *Arogo*, to ask.

And if a poor * Rogue should ask for it --- the Lord hath need of it---he should have it, least it should stick in my throat and choak me one way or other.

4. Once more, Impropriators! Appropriators! go to, weep and howl, &c. *Jam.* 5. 1. to the 7. the rust of your silver shall rise (is rising up) against you, burning your flesh as it were fire, &c.

That is (in a word) a secret, yet sharp, terrible, unexpected, and unsupportable plague, is rising up from under all, that you call your own, when you go to count your money, you shall verily think the Devill stands behind you, to tear you in pieces: You shall not put bread in your mouthes, but the curse shall come along with it, and choke you one way or other. All your former sweets shall be mingled with gall and wormwood: I give you but a hint.

It's the last daies.

5. Well! do what you will or can, know you have been warned. It is not for nothing, that I the Lord with a strong wind cut off (as with a sickle) the fullest, fairest ears of corn this harvest, and drop't them on purpose for the poore, who had as much right to them, as those that (impudently and wickedly, theevishly and hoggishly) stile themselves the owners of the Land.

6. It's not for nothing that such various strange kinds of worms, grubs, and caterpillars (my strong host, saith the Lord of Hosts) have been sent into some graine: Neither is in vain, that I the Lord sent the rot among so many sheep this last yeer; if they had been resign'd to me, and you had kept a true communion, they had not been given up to that plague.

7. It's not in vain that so many towns and houses have been lately fired over the heads of the Inhabitants: Neither is it in vain, that I the Lord fired the barning and ricks of a Miser in Worcestershire (this yeer) the very same day that he brought in his own, as he accounted it.

On the very same day (I say) his barning and ricks were fired down to the very ground, though multitudes of very expert men in the imployment came to quench it.

Of this the writer of this Scroule was an eye-witnesse.

8. Impropriators! Appropriators! Misers! a fair warning.

More

More of you ſhall be ſerved with the ſame ſawce.

Others of you I'le deal withall in another way more terrible then this, ſaith the Lord, till you reſign.----

Miſers! 'ſpecially you holy Scripturian Miſers, when you would ſay grace before and after meat, read *James* 5. 1. to 7. & *Hoſea* 2.8,9,10.

CHAP. VII.

A further diſcovery of the ſubtilty of the wel-favour'd Harlot, with a Parley between her and the Spirit: As alſo the horrid villany (that lies hid under her ſmooth words, in pleading againſt the Letter and Hiſtory, and for the Spirit and Myſtery, and all for her owne ends) detected. Alſo upon what account the ſpirit is put, and upon what account the Letter. Alſo what the true Communion, and what the true breaking of bread is.

1. BUt now me thinks (by this time) I ſee a brisk, ſpruce, neat, ſelf-ſeeking, fine finiking fellow, (who ſcornes to be either Papiſt, Proteſtant, Presbyterian, Independent, or Anabaptiſt) I mean the Man of Sin, who worketh with all deceiveableneſſe of unrighteovſneſſe, 2 *Theſ.*2.

Crying down * carnall ordinances, and crying up † the Spirit: cunningly ſeeking and ſetting up himſelf thereby.

* Downe they muſt, but no thanks to him.

† Up it muſt, but no thanks to him.

I ſay, I ſee him, and have ript up the very ſecrets of his heart (ſaith the Lord) as alſo of that mother of miſchief, that wel-favour'd Harlot, who both agree in one, and ſay on this wiſe to me.

2. 'Ah! poor deluded man, thou haſt ſpoken of the Wiſdome 'of God in a myſtery, and thou haſt ſeen all the hiſtory of the 'Bible myſteriz'd.

'O fool! who hath bewitcht thee, art thou ſo fooliſh as to 'begin in the ſpirit, and wilt thou now be made perfect in the 'fleſh? keep thee to the ſpirit, go not back to the letter, keep 'thee to the myſtery, go not back to the hiſtory.

'What? why doſt talk ſo much of *James* 5. and *Hoſea* 2. 'thoſe words are to be taken in the Myſtery, not in the Hiſtory:

'They are to be taken in the Spirit, not as they ile in the Letter.

Thus you have a hint of the neat young mans, and of the well-favour'd Harlots language.

3. But now behold I am filled with the Holy Ghoſt, and am reſolv'd [*Acts* 13.8,9,&c.] to ſet mine eyes on her and him, (who are no more twaine, but one) and ſay:

'O full of all ſubtilty and miſchief, thou child of the Devil, 'thou enemy of all righteouſneſſe, wilt thou not ceaſe to per-'vert the right ways of the Lord?

'Be it known to thee, O thou deceitfull tongue, that I have 'begun in the ſpirit, and will end in the ſpirit: I am joyn'd to 'the Lord, and am one ſpirit. The ſpirit's my joy, my life, my 'ſtrength; I will not let it go, it's my delight.

'The myſtery is mine, [moſtly] that which I moſt delight in, 'that's the Jewel. The hiſtorie's mine alſo, that's the Cabinet. 'For the Jewels ſake I wil not leave the Cabinet, though indeed 'it's nothing to me, but when thou for thine own ends, ſtand'ſt 'in competition with me for it.

'Strength is mine, ſo is weakneſſe alſo.

4. I came by water and blood, not by blood only, but by blood and water alſo.

The inwardneſſe is moſtly mine, my prime delight is there; the outwardneſſe is mine alſo, when thou for thine own ends, ſtandeſt in competition with me about it, or when I would confound thee by it.

5. I know there's no Communion to the Communion of Saints, to the inward communion, to communion with the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, and with God the Judge of all.

No other Communion of Saints do I know.

And this is Blood-life-ſpirit-communion.

6. But another Communion alſo do I know, which is water, and but water, which I will not be without: My ſpirit dwells with God, the Judge of all, dwells in him, ſups with him, in him, feeds on him, with him, in him. My humanity ſhall dwell with, ſup with, eat with humanity; and why not [for a need] with Publicans and Harlots? Why ſhould I turne away mine eyes from mine own fleſh? Why ſhould I not break my bread to the hungry, whoever they be? It is writ[illegible] Lord takes care of Oxen.

And

And when I am at home, I take a great care of my horſe, to feed him, dreſſe him, water him and provide for him.

And is not poor *Maul* of Dedington, and the worſt rogue in Newgate, or the arranteſt thief or cut-purſe farre better, then a 100. Oxen, or a 1000. ſuch horſes as mine?

7. Do I take care of my horſe, and doth the Lord take care of oxen?

And ſhall I hear poor rogues in Newgate, Ludgate, cry *bread, bread, bread, for the Lords ſake*; and ſhall I not pitty them, and relieve them?

Howl, howl, ye nobles, howl honourable, howl ye rich men for the miſeries thrt are coming upon you.

For our parts, we that hear the APOSTLE preach, will alſo have all things common; neither will we call any thing that we have our own.

Do you [if you pleaſe] till the plague of God rot and conſume what you have.

We will not, wee'l eat our bread together in ſingleneſſe of heart, wee'l break bread from houſe to houſe.

CHAP. VIII.

The wel-favoured Harlots cloaths ſtript off, her nakedneſſe uncovered, her noſe ſlit, her hunting after the young man, void of underſtanding, from corner to corner, from Religion to Religion, and the Spirit purſuing, overtaking, and deſtroying her, with a terrible thunder clap ith' cloſe, &c.

1. AND we wil ſtrip off thy cloaths, who haſt bewitch't us, & ſlit thy noſe thou wel-favouted Harlot, who haſt (as in many things, ſo in this) made the Nations of the earth druuk, with the cup of thy forhications: As thus.

Thou haſt come to a poor irreligious wretch, and told him he muſt be of the ſame Religion as his neighbours, he muſt go to Church, hear the Miniſter, &c. and at leaſt once a year put on his beſt cloaths, and receive the Commnnion--- he muſt eat a bit of bread, and drink a ſip of wine---and then he hath received, &c. he hath been at the Communion.

2. But when he finds this Religion too courſe for him, and he would faine make after [illegible]

Then

Then immediately thou hunteſt after him, following him fr om ſtreet to ſtreet, from corner to corner, from groſſe Pro-te ſtantiſme to Puritaniſme, &c. at length from croſſe in baptiſ-m e, and Common-Prayer-Book to Presbyterianiſme, where t h ou telleſt him he may break bread, with all ſuch believers, who be lieve their horſes and their cowes are their own; and with ſ ch believers, who have received different light from, or grea-t er light then themſelves; branded with the letter B. baniſhed, or impriſoned fourteen weeks together, without bail or main-prize.

3. And here I could tell a large ſtory, that would reach as far as between Oxonſhire and Coventrey.

But though it be in the original copy, yet it is my good will a nd pleaſure, out of my great wiſdome, to wave the printing of it, and I will ſend the contents thereof, as a charge and ſecret pl ague, ſecretly into their breaſts, who muſt be plagued with a ve ngeance, for their villany againſt the Lord.

Well! to return from this more then needful digreſſion, to the diſcovery, and uncovering of the wel-favoured Harlot.

Thou haſt hunted the young man void of underſtanding from corner to corner, from religion to religion.

We left him at the Presbyterian --- where ſuch a believer, who believes his horſes and his cows are his own, may have his child chriſtned, and may himſelf be admitted to the Sacrament ---and come to the communion.

And whats that?

VVhy after a conſecration in a new forme, eating a bit of bread, and drinking a ſip of wine perhaps once a moneth, why mother of miſchief is this Communion?

O thou flattering and deceit full tongue, God ſhall root thee out of the Land of the living, is this Communion? no, no, mo-ther of witchcrafts!

5. The true Communion amongſt men, is to have all things common, and to call nothing one hath, ones own.

And the true externall breaking of bread, is to eat bread to-gether in ſingleneſſe of heart, and to break thy bread to the hungry, and tell them its their own bread &c. els your Religion is in vain.

6. And by this time indeed thou ſeeſt this Religion is in vain. And

And wilt therefore hie thee to another, to wit, to Independency, and from thence perhaps to Anabaptisme so called.

And thither the wel-favour'd Harlot will follow thee, and say thou must be very holy, very righteous, very religious.

All other Religions are vain.

And all in the Parish, all in the Countrey, yea all in the Kingdome, and all in the world [who are not of thine opinion] are without, are of the world.

Thou, and thy comrades are Saints.

[O proud devill! O devill of devills! O *Belzebub*!]

Well! [saith she] thou being a Saint must be very holy, and walk in Gospell-Ordinances [saith the wel favour'd Harlot] ay and in envy, malice, pride, covetousnesse, evill surmising, censoriousnesse, &c. also.

And on the first day of the week, when the Saints meet together, to break bread, do not thou omit it upon pain of damnation.

By no means omit it, because thou hast Gospell Ordinances in the purity of them.

-- Papists---they give wafers.---

Protestants---give- -to all ith' Parish tagg ragg, and his fellow if they come.

But we are called out of the world, none shall break bread with us, but our selves, [the Saints together, who are in Gospell Order.]

Besides the Priests of England cut their bread into little square bits, but we break our bread [according to the Apostolicall practise] and this is the right breaking of bread [saith the wel-favour'd Harlot.]

Who hath stept into this holy, righteous Gospell, religious way, [Gospel-Ordinances so called] on purpose to dash to pieces the right breaking of bread; and in the room thereof thrusting in this vain Religion.

7. A Religion wherein *Lucifer* reignes, more then in any.

And next to this in the Independents [so called] both which damn to the pit of hell, those that are a 100. times nearer the Kingdome of heaven then themselves: flattering themselves up in this their vain Religion.

But take this hint before I leave thee.

He that hath this worlds goods, and seeth his brother in want, and shutteth up the bowells of compassion from him, the love of God dwelleth not in him; this mans Religion is in vain.

His Religion is in vain, that seeth his brother in want, &c.

His brother——a beggar, a lazar, a cripple, yea a cut-purse, a thief ith' goal, &c.

He that seeth such a brother, flesh of his flesh [in want] and shutteth up the bowels of his compassion from him, the love of God dwelleth not in him, his Religion is in vain: and he never yet broke bread——that hath not forgot his [*meum.*]

9. The true breaking of bread——is from house to house, &c. Neighbours [in singlenesse of heart] saying if I have any bread, &c. it's thine, I will not call it mine own, it's common.

These are true Communicants, and this is the true breaking of bread among men.

10. And what the Lords Supper is, none know, but those that are continually [not weekly] but daily at it.

And

And what the true Communion is, those and those only know, who are come to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to God the Judge of all: all other Religion is vain.

Ay, saith the wel-favour'd Harlot [in the young man void of understanding] I see Protestantism, Presbytery, Independency, Anabaptism, are all vain. These coverings are too short, too narrow, too course for me, the finest of these are but harden sheets, and very narrow ones also.

I'l get me some flax, and make me both fine and large sheets, &c. I'l scorn carnall Ordinances, and walk in the Spirit.

Ay, do [saith the wel-favour'd Harlot] speak nothing but mystery, drink nothing but wine, but bloud, thou need'st not eat flesh, &c.

12. And so my young man starts up into the notion of spiritualls, and wraps up a deal of hipocrisie, malice, envy, deceit, dissimulation, covetousnesse, self-seeking in this fine linnen.

Being a hundred fold worse Devills then before.

But now thy villanie, hipocrisie, and self-seekting is discovering, yea discovered to many with a witnesse.

And though the true and pure levelling, is the eternall Gods levelling the Mountains, &c. in man. Which is the

Bloud Life-Spirit levelling.

Yet the water, or weak levelling, which is base and foolish, shall confound thee.

And hereby, (as also by severall other strange waies, which thou art least of all acquainted withall. I'l discover thy lewdnesse, and shew the rottennesse of thy heart.

I'l call for all to a mite, to be cast into the outward treasury.

And wil bid thee lay down all at my feet, the Apostle, the Lord, And this is a way that I am now again setting up to try, judge, and damne the wel-favour'd Harlot by.

Cast all into the Treasury, &c. account nothing thine owne, have all things in common.

The young man goes away very sorrowfull, ——— &c.

The wel-favour'd Harlot shrugs at this. ———

13. When this cometh to passe, a poore wretch whose very bones are gnawn with hunger, shall not go about 13. or 14. miles about thy businesse, and thou for a reward, when thou hast hundreds lying by thee.

I will give thee but one hint more, and so will leave thee.

The dreadful day of Judgement is stealing on thee, within these few hours. Thou hast secretly and cunningly lien in wait, thou hast craftily numbered me amongst transgressors, who to thy exceeding torment, am indeed a friend of Publicans and Harlots.

Thou hast accounted me a devil, saith the Lord.

And I wil rot thy name, and make it stink above ground, and make thy folly manifest to all men.

And because thou hast judged me, I wil judge thee (with a witnesse) expect it suddainly, saith the Lord.